

## Forbidden Friendship

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Summary: Cute sappy sap, set in the days of the Roman empire. Full summary inside

## Forbidden Friendship

A/N: Inspired by the track of the same name on the How to Train your Dragon soundtrack. We need some more Caledonia/Gallia fics, and I can't see Rome being too happy about Gallia spending his time wandering near to Hadrian's Wall. I can't imagine Britannia being too happy about it either, come to think on it. Also, in my headcanon, Gallia did have the Sight at one point {like almost every nation in what is now modern Europe}, but lost it when Christianity took a stronger hold. This fic is set before that time period, so we get cuteness like this.

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Gallia sighed as he leaned on the wall that separated Roman Britannia from the supposed 'barbarian' tribes to the North. He had been told time and again that he wasn't allowed to be up this way, but the young Roman Province was feeling in a defiant mood. Ever since his mother had disappeared, Rome had taken a much greater interest in the little nation, and Gallia despised it. He sighed as he heard someone stumble up behind him,

"I'm telling Rome that you're up here again. You know we're not allowed near the Wall." Came the petulant voice of Britannia. Gallia snorted,

"Well go ahead and run to him, little rabbit." The blonde Province sneered, "I don't care anymore." Britannia sniffed imperiously,

"We'll see how much you care when Rome comes to get you then." He called as he dashed off, glad that, for once, it would not be him

getting into trouble with the Empire. Gallia sighed and shook his head, leaning his head on his arms as he stared at the valley on the other side, wishing that everyone would just go ahead and leave him alone. Suddenly a face popped up in Gallia's face, causing him to squeak in surprise and fall off the Wall onto the grass beneath. Gallia shook his head to clear it as the intruder laughed raucously at the sight. Gallia glared up to see Caledonia perched on the Wall, bow slung over his shoulder as he wiped at his eyes from laughing so hard. Gallia turned red,

"I do not see what is so funny, Caledonia!" he snapped, "I could have fallen off the other side." Caledonia finally managed to regain some control over himself as he jumped down beside Gallia to help him up,

"You should have seen your face." He giggled, "And even if you did fall off the other side, I would have caught you." Gallia snorted as he dusted himself off,

"It's still not polite to go around scaring people half to death." He retorted. Caledonia shook his head with a smirk as he clambered back up onto the wall again,

"And? What are manners to a 'barbarian' like me?" he replied easily. Gallia's glare softened a little, but he was still annoyed with the other nation,

"I know you better than that Caledonia, and you can be polite when you want to be." Caledonia shrugged,

"So what are you doing all the way up here? I thought Rome forbade anyone to come up this far north." He asked, cocking his head to one side. Gallia sighed,

"I just need to get away for a while." He muttered, "Ever since mother disappeared, Rome hasn't left me alone for one minute unless it's to annoy Germania or punish Britannia for being clumsy." Caledonia nodded in sympathy,

"So you've given him the slip then?" he asked. Gallia snorted and look to the south,

"I had, until Britannia went off to get him." He replied. Caledonia huffed in irritation,

"The wee brat," he muttered, "he never did ken what was good for him." The northern nation stood and offered Gallia his hand, "Well if he's on his way up, we might as well make sure he doesn't catch you just yet." He said with a smirk. Gallia stared at the hand being offered to him,

"A...are you sure?" he stuttered, "I thought you said your house wasn't safe." Caledonia sighed,

"You'll be fine as long as you stick with me. Or would you rather Rome caught up to you?" he asked. Gallia looked from Caledonia's hand, to the south, then back at Caledonia's hand. Giving the other nation a firm nod, he took it and clambered up onto the wall beside him. Caledonia grinned as he guided the Roman Province down the other side to the bottom of the cliff. Gallia looked around at the wild scenery

that met him when he was safely on solid ground again. It was the first time the young nation had gotten a proper look at it, the last time he'd been on this side of the Wall was when Rome had tried to take it over. Caledonia tugged on his arm,

"Come on, there's loads I want to show you." He said excitedly. Gallia laughed as he let Caledonia drag him along, already relishing the sense of freedom that being here gave him.

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Caledonia put a finger to his lips as he slowed down and started to tiptoe through a particularly dense part of the forest he had dragged Gallia to. Gallia frowned in confusion, but kept his mouth shut anyway, and followed Caledonia's footsteps exactly. When the trees opened up again Gallia's mouth dropped open in awe. In the middle of the clearing was the largest dragon Gallia had ever seen. Caledonia grinned at him as he stepped into the clearing,

"Let me tell her that you're here first, I don't think she'd appreciate being startled." He whispered in Latin before walking into the clearing properly and announcing his presence in his own language. Gallia held his breath as the dragon's head swept round and gazed at Caledonia. After a few moments the huge head nodded and Caledonia motioned for Gallia to come out,

"It's ok Gallia, she won't hurt you." He called. Gallia swallowed the lump of fear in his throat and cautiously stepped out into the clearing. The dragon scrutinised him for a moment, before her expression broke into a gentle smile,

"So you are the one Alba has told us so much about?" she rumbled, "It is nice to finally meet you Gallia." She greeted. Gallia bowed a little, feeling a little intimidated,

"It is an honour to come face to face with an impressive creature such as yourself." He replied, "I am surprised that Caledonia has told you about me already." He looked over to the northern nation, who had turned an interesting shade of red and was staring at the grass, fidgeting with his bowstring. The dragon chuckled,

"I have my ways of figuring things out." She said cryptically, "But no matter, you are Gaul's little one are you not?" she asked. Gallia frowned at the dragon in confusion,

"You knew my mother?" he asked. The dragon nodded,

"Celt and Gaul were cousins and rather close, as I recall. Gaul would often come to visit us in the South, until Rome took over your mother's house and pushed us ever northward." She explained. Gallia hung his head,

"I do not think he will ever stop trying to come this far north." He sighed, "He already has Britannia." Caledonia snorted derisively,

"So long as I'm still around, he has no chance." He said defiantly, "I've already bested him once, I can do it again." The dragon looked to Caledonia, then back to Gallia,

"It will not seem like it now, little one, but there will be a day when even Rome will disappear and you will have a chance to grow up into your own nation." She said. The dragon nudged at the Province, "In the meantime, just be patient." Gallia sighed,

"I will try." He muttered. Caledonia looped an arm around the Province's shoulder,

"If you want any help, I'll be happy to offer it." He suggested. The dragon nipped at his shoulder, causing him to glare up at her, "What was that for?" he whined,

"You are not to get involved, Alba. Celt made that abundantly clear." She reminded him. Caledonia sighed and pouted,

"I know, 'fight only to defend yourself and leave the instigation to those that don't know better'." He quoted petulantly. Gallia smiled,

"Thank you for the offer anyway Caledonia, it is appreciated." He looked up at through the trees with a sigh; it was starting to get dark. He turned to the dragon, "Thank you for the advice, I will not forget it." He said. The dragon smiled at him,

"I do not doubt that little Gallia." She replied, "Until we next meet." She said, inclining her great head. Gallia bowed back before looking to Caledonia,

"I had better head back before Rome misses me back in the Villa." He said. Caledonia sighed,

"I can take you a different route back, just in case Rome is waiting at the part of the wall you came over." He said. Gallia smiled shyly at him as he followed the northern nation out of the clearing and back through the forest.

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Caledonia stopped as the wall came into sight,

"I suppose I had better leave you here." He sighed, "I don't want to risk getting caught." Gallia sighed as well,

"I know, it is dangerous enough that I am going over." He agreed. The Roman Province fidgeted with the edge of his robes as the two of them stood just feet away from the one thing that would separate them again until Gallia could find some way to escape Rome's clutches once more. Finally he broke the awkward silence,

"I will try to come here again. I had a lot of fun." He said quietly. Caledonia nodded, already wishing that the younger nation did not have to leave,

"I know, I just wish you could come over whenever you wanted." He sighed. Gallia suddenly hugged the larger nation around the waist,

"There will be a day that I can." He assured the red haired man, "Just try not to forget about me in the meantime." Caledonia stiffened only for a moment, before returning the hug,

"I won't." He replied. Gallia let go and the two fledgling nations stared at each other for a few more moments before Gallia thought of something,

"Then let me leave you something, just to make sure." He said, leaning in and kissing the northern nation gently on the lips before dashing off and clambering over the wall. Caledonia just stood in shock, blushing furiously as the Roman Province hurried off, slowly bringing his fingers to his lips. After a few moments of staring at where Gallia had been, he finally broke into a smile, face still flushed red, but already feeling so much better. Caledonia shouldered his bow again and practically skipped off into the forest, humming quietly to himself the entire time.

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Gallia slipped quietly into the Villa, looking around to make sure that he wasn't going to be seen by anyone. Sighing in relief the little Province walked into his room, only to stop when he saw Rome had already made himself comfortable on the sofa. The empire looked up and broke into a smile,

"Ah, there you are Gallia." He greeted, "I've been looking all over for you, where have you been?" he asked. Gallia let out the breath he'd been holding, Rome seemed to be in a good mood. The blonde Province shrugged easily as he walked over to his wash basin,

"I have been out for a walk around Britannia's house. It is very pretty at this time of year." He replied. Rome hummed,

"Yes, Britannia did say that he had seen you." He said easily, looking at his nails, "The funny thing is, he said you'd been up next to the Wall at his northern border." Gallia froze,

"I... I did wander up that way." He admitted, "but I was not there for long." He added. Rome hummed,

"Yes, when he dragged me all the way up there, you had already moved on." He agreed. He looked at his Province sternly, "However, I will ask that you do not wander up there by yourself again, Gallia. I've had reports that the Barbarian tribes are picking off Roman soldiers in the area, I do not wish you to get hurt." Gallia nodded, his shoulders slumping a little,

"Yes Roma." He agreed. Rome smiled,

"Good boy, now come here and tell me all about your day, I'd like to know a little bit more about the places you were wandering." He suggested, patting the seat next to him. Gallia sighed, finishing washing his hands before reluctantly complying and sitting next to the empire. His mind wandered to Caledonia, hoping that he would be alright to wait for him to visit again. It would, after all, be quite some time before he would be left alone for long enough to do so.

End  
file.